



Bronze City



steampunk

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Chapter 1 by Magnolia

The year is 3629 and the end of winter. We are coming up on a new year soon and I can only hope for better luck. I feel like I have hurt Mum's spirit since I haven't written in my journal since Maggie was drafted into the American Forces Alliance army and her untimely death. It took me until now to regain myself. I have neglected my family for far too long. I was only saved by Mum's words coming back to me. She always told me that writing my thoughts down will help get your mind in order. She was right, even now, as I am writing this, I am feeling much better. I just hope that everyone will accept my failures as an older brother. Kiki is still involving herself in gangs and constantly coming home with cuts and bruises for Pilot to heal. Pilot is the only reason why we still have bread on the table and tea to drink. I didn't like the idea of black marketing airship parts, but these are hard times after all. I am most worried about Chrissi. She was never the emotional type, but she didn't even mourn Maggie's death. I've seen her hang out with some other people, which is good, but some of them seemed rather too old and shady for her. When I confronted her about it, she very blankly said that they were very trustworthy and have been helping her a lot. Even though I still worry about her -her being such a tender age- I trust her. She was always very mature. And besides, she has me and her two older sisters to

look after her. We're a family. A very good one. We've been through many hardships before and are still here to talk about them.

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